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## The Messenger, Vol. 20, No. 1

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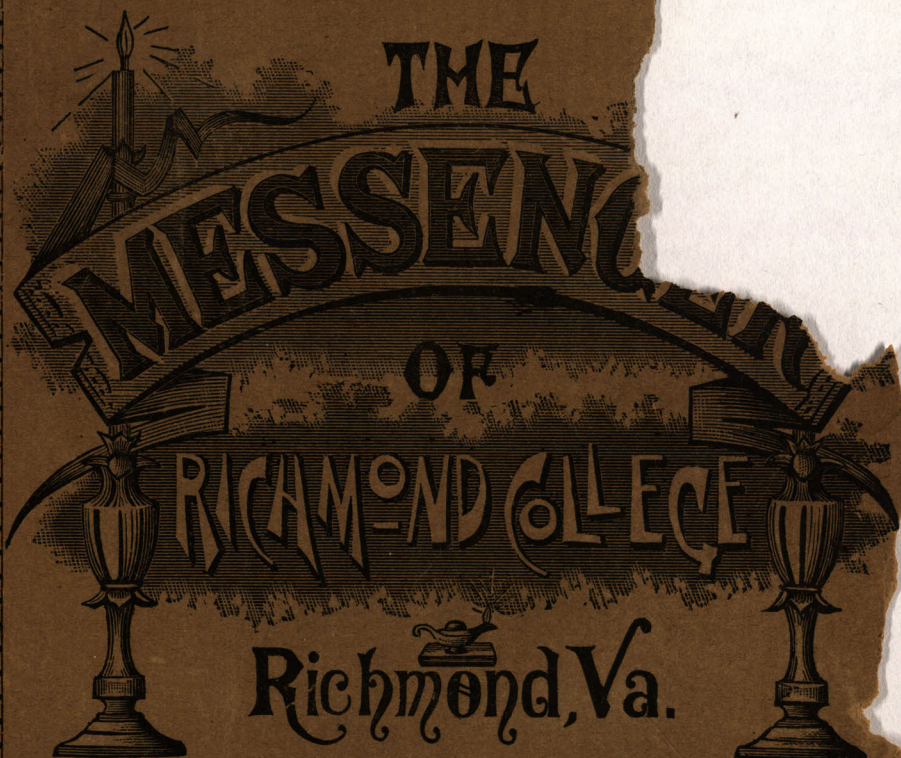
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# THE MESSENGER OF RICHMOND COLLEGE Richmond, Va.

*Published Monthly by the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Societies.*

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 1.

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Session from September, 1893, to June 1894.

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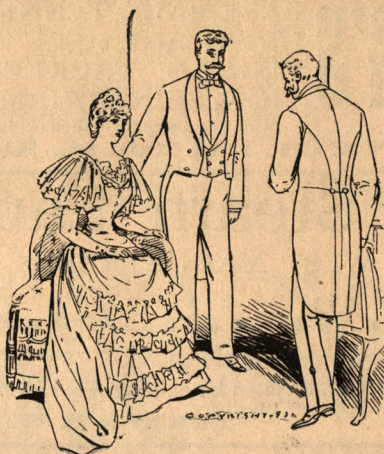
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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 1.

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## A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

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Oh lady wake ! The azure moon  
Is rippling in the verdant skies,  
The owl is warbling his soft tune  
To lull awake thy sleepy eyes.  
The joys of future years are past,  
To-morrow's hopes have fled away ;  
Still let us love, and e'en at last  
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night  
Dispels the dusky moon afar ;  
While through the murmur of the light  
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.  
Then lady wake ! My brigantine  
Pants, neighs and prances to be free :  
Till the creation I am thine  
To some rich desert fly with me.

ANON.



**SNAP SHOTS ON THE DELAWARE.**

[BY ONE OF THE SNAPPERS.]

Whenever a man undertakes an unusual journey or has an experience in any way novel, almost his first impulse is to write an account of it for the "benefit of his friends." He might content himself with reciting his adventures to every acquaintance he meets, but this method has the disadvantage of not allowing the victim to escape when he has had enough; whereas, in the written account, he can read just as much or as little as he pleases. Both methods present their advantages, and not being able to settle upon either one to the exclusion of the other, I have decided to adopt both in giving an account of a last summer's outing. I have already told almost every one I have met about it, and now, for the sake of some few who may have escaped, I will make use of the pages of this magazine, kindly offered for the purpose.

There were just two of us in the party—Rob and I. We had read Jerome's charming *Three Men in a Boat*, and thought we could make an excursion similar to their's but with fewer disagreeable features. In the first place, we had no dog. Neither of us owned one, and we were unwilling to borrow. We did think of taking a cat, but although our boat was rigged as a *cat-boat* we concluded not to take kitty; the more so as our private menagerie was out of cats. As a substitute we carried a hawkeye camera, one of those little instruments of torture about which there is a popular fallacy that any one can work it "who can wind a watch." We used sensitized plates instead of films, and having pressed the button, "did the rest ourselves." Rob was something of a botanist, also, and carried a press for specimens and a small microscope.

Our boat was a gunning skiff, fifteen feet long and four feet in beam. For protection at night and in wet weather



we had a canvass hood that covered the boat from end to end, and afforded ample security against even the hardest rain. We carried only such clothing and other baggage as was absolutely necessary. Expecting to be able to buy food as we needed it, we took only some canned goods and a supply of sea biscuit. We nearly always found that the biscuit and coffee, or cocoa, made a very satisfactory meal.

We started Monday, August 7th, to go up the Delaware river. We had no particular destination, our object being to go as far as we could in two weeks without exerting ourselves very much. We left Chester, Pa., at 6:30 A. M., and sailed with a good wind and with the tide in our favor. My part in the sailing consisted mainly in seeing that Rob did it well. I felt safe in this, as he was already an experienced sailor, having been around the world once or twice in a sailing vessel, while my ideas of nautical matters were mainly derived from Robinson Crusoe.

The Delaware at Chester is more than a mile wide and the country on both sides is low and flat, presenting little in the way of scenery. The shipping, however, is interesting, as all the vessels bound for Philadelphia have to come up this way. Some miles up we passed Fort Mifflin, of Revolutionary fame. However it may have been in Washington's time, its grassy ramparts and rusty guns do not present a very formidable aspect now. Just above the mouth of the Schuylkill we passed the League Island Navy Yard, and saw several monitors at anchor there. Some of these still bore in their turrets the marks of cannon-shot.

We reached Philadelphia at noon and tied up for dinner, which we ate in the boat. After dinner we attempted to row up along the river front. The tide, however, had turned, and this, combined with the heavy swell from the numerous passing steamers and the ferry boats plying between the city and Camden, rendered our rowing very laborious. Noticing that the wharves and the shipping were



moving up-stream we decided to stop and wait for the tide to change. We accordingly lay alongside of a wharf for several hours and then started again, this time making more progress, and in the right direction. We passed the U. S. battle-ship *New York*, anchored just below Cramp's ship-yard, receiving her guns and armament. This vessel, recently built at Cramp's at a cost of three million dollars, is the fastest ship of her class afloat, having attained a speed of more than twenty-one knots an hour on her trial trip. After passing the *New York* we hoisted sail and went ahead with a good breeze. From the river we had a view of the ship-yard and the vessels now being built there for the government. No war-ship was on the ways when we passed, the last one, the *Massachusetts*, having been launched some time before. This, with the *Indiana* and one or two others, lay moored by the shore, while hundreds of men were busily employed putting in the engines and machinery. Some distance farther on we came to the immense saw-works of Henry Disston, who is probably the greatest manufacturer of saws in the world. We sailed past the huge grain elevators of Point Richmond, and past Bridesemgle, Tacony, and other suburbs of Philadelphia. Prominent above all the other buildings of the city, we could see the tower of the new City Hall, which is visible for miles up the river. It was not until we lost sight of this, some time next day, that we felt that we had left Philadelphia. We ran ashore on the Jersey side at six o'clock, and prepared to spend the night. We dragged the boat upon the beach and put up the hood.\* We swung our hammocks between some trees along the shore and then ate supper. The nights had become rather chilly, but we hoped that it would not be too cold for comfort. In this, however, we were disappointed,

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\* We used the hood at night as a dark room in which to refill our plate-holders, or even to develop exposed plates, though the most of these we developed after our return home.



for after we had slept several hours in our hammocks we were awakened by the cold, and had to go into the boat, where it was warmer. We spent the remainder of the night pretty comfortably, sleeping on the bottom of the boat. We left camp the next morning at seven o'clock. As the wind was light our progress was slow, and we had ample time to notice the river banks, which for some miles above Philadelphia are dotted here and there with fine country mansions, having well-kept lawns, and each with its own landing place and sail-boats in front. Of all the towns we saw anywhere along the Delaware, Beverly, N. J., presented the best appearance from the river. It is built on a sort of plateau about twenty-five feet high, from which the ground descends to the river in well-sodded terraces, these being in some cases ornamented with beds of flowers. The houses are handsome, and seem to be mainly the homes of people who live here and have their business in Philadelphia, fifteen miles below. A splendid beach extends the whole length of the town, affording fine bathing advantages, while all along were pleasure-boats of every description. The whole neighborhood impressed me as one inhabited by people with whom good living has become a fine art. We reached Bristol at noon, having passed Burlington, N. J., about a mile below. Bristol is a manufacturing town of about 7,000 inhabitants, and is the southern terminus of the Delaware canal. There are a number of industries here, prominent among which I noticed a very large carpet mill. This and several other mills are now shut down on account of the hard times. Lower Bristol, from the river, appears unattractive, but higher up the town becomes very pretty, and reminded me somewhat of Beverly. We stopped here for dinner and left at 2 P. M. Several miles above the town we stopped to fish. We fished for about half an hour, our total catch being one small run perch. This was the only time we used our lines on the entire trip. Owing prob-



ably to the large number of men out of employment the river was fairly lined with fishermen. We were constantly passing these disciples of Walton, of every size and age, and several times we noticed lines fastened to the bank without any people at all, just fishing on their own hook, as it were.

Taking our one fish, which we had for supper, we proceeded to Florence, N. J., where we spent the night. Florence is a small town, built upon a high bluff overlooking the town. Along here the low, marshy shores, characteristic of southern New Jersey, give place to banks of considerable height, sometimes rising fifty or one hundred feet above the water. We prepared our bed on the sand under a bush, and would have had a comfortable night but for the mosquitoes, which were the worst I had ever encountered up to this time. After trying in vain for several hours to sleep, we rekindled our fire, and by lying around it managed to get a few hours sleep. One disagreeable thing about camping on the beach was the variation of the tide. At Florence this was, perhaps, five or six feet. If we landed at high tide our boat would be left high and dry when the water receded, and if we landed at low tide we had to watch the boat to keep it from being anchored in deep water when the tide rose. It takes seven hours for the tide to come in and five for it to run out, and we usually timed our departure from a place so as to have the tide in our favor.

Leaving Florence at seven o'clock we rowed up towards Trenton. Several miles below Trenton the river makes a decided bend, and is here quite wide and shallow, the channel for steamers being kept open by dredges. We reached Trenton at 11 A. M. This is quite a handsome city, of about sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the head of navigation on the Delaware. Several small steamers run between Trenton and Philadelphia. There is here a succession of shoals and rapids known as Trenton Falls. They are the



upper limit of the tide, and at high tide a boat can be rowed up them with comparative ease. We reached the falls when the tide was going out, and so, after rowing for awhile, were forced to get out into the water and tow and lift the boat until we reached smooth water above. There are two bridges across the river here and two more about three miles farther up. Above the falls the water was smooth, and we sailed until dark, when we reached a large island about five miles from Trenton, on which we passed a very comfortable night. I was awakened in the morning by Rob's addressing some very positive remarks to a toad which had hopped over on his face. Fortunately, his mouth was shut, and the toad escaped with nothing more serious than the severe nervous shock he sustained.

The country through which this portion of the Delaware flows is celebrated as one of the finest agricultural regions in America. When we passed through it vegetation was suffering considerably from drought, but still we could not help admiring the splendid farms that lay along our way. From Trenton up to the headwaters of the river the scenery is exceedingly fine. The river, fresh and clear as crystal, winds peacefully down among the well-wooded hills, while here and there one sees a pretty village half hidden by the trees, or some great bridge that, high above the water, stretches across from shore to shore.

When we left the island we found the river so swift that we again had to get out and tow the boat behind us. At the upper end of the island we found ourself confronted by "a condition, not a theory," in the form of a dam. We lightened the boat of everything movable and lifted it over this obstruction. We sailed slowly along with a light breeze until we reached Taylorsville, where Washington crossed. Here the water was about knee deep, but when Washington crossed the river was greatly swollen by the winter floods. There is now a covered bridge across the river at this point.



On our return trip I stopped and took a photograph of the crossing place, and of the monument that marks it. This is an unsightly structure about five feet high, built of unhewn stone, and is now in a state of dilapidation. It bears a marble slab with the inscription :

NEAR THIS SPOT  
WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE  
ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1776,  
ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

We sailed on to Brownsburg, three miles from Taylorsville, and finding that there were a good many dams and rapids ahead, decided to take the boat into the canal on the Pennsylvania side, which we did with the help of several men. Three miles farther up we came to New Hope, a town of about 1,500 inhabitants. There are here five locks, and also a dam in the river through which the canal branches to Lambertville, N. J., and from this point to Trenton there is a canal on each side of the river. A covered bridge over three hundred yards long connects New Hope with Lambertville, which is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, being the largest place we saw above Trenton. There is no railroad on the Pennsylvania side of the river, but a branch of the Pennsylvania system extends all along the Jersey shore. The canals are used mainly in shipping coal down the Lehigh and Delaware rivers to Philadelphia and other places lower down. We spent the night in a woods above New Hope, trying our hammocks once more. We suffered as before from the cold, and from this time abandoned the use of hammocks. The next day we secured a tow from a canal boat and traveled easily for some miles. We found the boatmen generally very willing to help us by towing us behind their boats. We passed Lumberton and Lumberville, two small villages among the cliffs along the canal, and as no timber was in sight they were presumably so named from



their chief industry, which is working quarries of granite and red sandstone. We took dinner at a hotel in Point Pleasant, which is a town about the size of New Hope. An iron bridge crossed the river here. Some miles above Point Pleasant the canal bank becomes very steep and high, and there are few camping places, and so we were forced to spend the night in the boat. After passing several small towns, the next day, we reached the Palisades of the Delaware, about ten miles below Easton. These are said to rival in grandeur the famous Palisades of the Hudson, and we saw one rock that rose to the height of 360 feet almost perpendicularly from its base. We took several photographs of the Palisades, but our camera was too small to do them justice. At noon we reached Durham, the seat of the immense iron furnaces of Cooper, Hewitt & Co. They produce a low grade of pig iron from ore mined a short distance from the works. Here, again, we saw an example of the effect of the hard times. The works had been shut down for more than a year, and the employes were scattered all over the country.

As our first week was now past we decided to spend Sunday here and begin our return the next day. We staid at the home of Rob's cousin, Dr. R. W. R., consulting engineer of the Durham Company. Dr. R. is one of the leading mining experts in this country, is the author of several books on subjects connected with his profession, and is a member of various scientific societies in America and Europe. We agreed that the day spent at his delightful home was one of the most pleasant features of our trip, and this account would be incomplete without some acknowledgment of the hospitality we here enjoyed.

We began our return trip at nine o'clock Monday morning; we were about one hundred miles from home. By exerting ourselves a little more we could have increased our mileage, but we preferred to take things easily even at the



expense of distance. Our return trip was on the same route we had come until we reached Brownsburg, from which, instead of returning by the river, we continued in the canal all the way to Bristol. When we were at Brownsburg before we had left the sprit to our sail, not discovering its absence until the next day. On our return we found it lying on a scow in plain sight, laid there with the evident expectation that we would get it as we came down. We thought that this was a good evidence of the honesty of the natives. From Morrisville, opposite Trenton, the canal leaves the river entirely, and takes a shorter course to Bristol. By the river the distance between the two places is sixteen miles, and by the canal only about ten. Being unable to find a suitable camping place along here, we were forced to spend another night in the boat in the canal just below Trenton. Here we found the mosquitoes even worse than they had been at Florence, and they kept us awake almost the entire night. The next morning it rained, and we put up the hood and took turns towing the boat. One of us would put on a rubber coat and pull the boat, while the other sat inside and steered. Near Tullytown we passed the celebrated Laundreth seed farms. I noticed, also, a field of very good tobacco, reminding me of Virginia. Pennsylvania already takes rank as one of the leading tobacco producing States in the Union.

We reached Bristol at 10 A. M. on Thursday. About this time the rain stopped, and after dinner we crossed to an island opposite Bristol. Here we staid until the next morning. A hard rain came up during the night, but we were very comfortable under the hood.

On Friday we sailed steadily from 8 A. M. until 2 P. M., covering a distance of about twenty-five miles. We stopped for the night on the Jersey shore, several miles below Philadelphia. At Philadelphia we had, as before, a good deal of trouble from the ferry boats, and once or twice were in



danger of being swamped. We spent the night in the boat on the beach and gave the boat a good cleaning before going back to Chester. We ate breakfast on the shore, and when we went to put away the remainder of the provisions we found we had nothing left but some pepper, salt, and sugar. Leaving the beach at 6 A. M. we sailed the last ten miles of our way without adventure, and at nine o'clock we tied our boat and stepped ashore at Chester—home again!

J. R. L., '90,

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### **A STRAY THOUGHT OF A SUMMER'S OUTING.**

Students of Richmond College have often visited some historic spot or some marvelous work of nature, and while there have found themselves so inspired by their surroundings that they have felt constrained to breathe forth their feelings in select prose or give expression to them in rich poetic strains, such as the editors have not seen fit to exclude from the columns of our college journal.

I, however, was prompted by no desire of entertaining a literary public in reproducing descriptions which have long ago become old, when on a summer afternoon I found myself at Kanawha Falls, West Virginia, a small summer resort, with just one hour to spare before the arrival of the fast train for Richmond. No, I had no desire to tell how I stood upon a rock just below the falls and saw the water foaming and seething at my feet or to tell of Van Bibber's rock, made famous in pioneer days. Nor did I dream that in one short hour I should have been in such a "box" as I am about to describe.

Of course I desired to see the falls to the best advantage; so setting out up the railroad I soon reached my destination, but as I was not content with the view from that point I busied myself with plans for crossing the river, which, with



the aid of a fisherman and his boat, I succeeded in doing. My ferryman having landed me some distance down the river upon a rock which extended to a point within a few feet of the falls, I climbed up and hurried along. I was making good progress and was in sight of the falls when my plans were interrupted by a creek running across the bed of rock. What was to be done? There was no foot bridge, the water was too deep to wade, and besides—a far more weighty reason with a “dead game” sport (?) like myself—I was wearing a new pair of russets. But having belonged to that invincible company, known in college circles as the Light-weight Foot-ball Team, I was not to be so easily daunted. So rolling up my trousers, about which my sporting propensities made me extremely careful, and wading a part of the way, I proceeded to make a most terrific effort, which landed me on the other side; a feat upon which I congratulated myself for the time being, notwithstanding the fact that I had landed upon all fours. I had not even noticed whether my trousers had been soiled, and the most remarkable performance had been almost forgotten until I stood in front of the falls, completely lost in admiration and exclaiming, “Grand,” “Magnificent,” “Sublime,” when I became aware that I was being covered with mist, and glancing down I saw —— well, was it mist? No. What, then? Would that it had been mist, but instead, I saw, to my surprise and consternation, that I had made a rent in the knee of those trousers. Horrors! Horrors! There, in the only pair of trousers I had in the State of West Virginia, I had found a hole torn precisely in the shape of the V’s that I so seldom saw on Math. Originals.

Young man, if you have never experienced this agony be not hasty in your criticisms. How I would have mutilated the language of Richard III. had I given expression to my feelings and exclaimed, “A needle! A needle! My kingdom for a needle and thread!”



I hurriedly made an inventory of my possessions, which resulted in finding one—only one—little brass pin, to which I intrusted the solemn duty of holding together the patchwork. What thoughts flew through my mind, such as those of torn trousers, one pin, no needle, train for Richmond almost due, trunk more than a hundred miles away, a probability of meeting friends on the train, and the hotel to be passed on my way to the station.

Hurrying back with spirits somewhat lowered I crossed the never-to-be-forgotten creek and took a seat in the fisherman's skiff. The solitary cat-fish in the bottom of the boat offered no sympathy. How could he? He had never been so situated. The fisherman looked at me, then at the V, and declared that he was unable to say positively whether I could get patched up at the station or whether I should have to board the train in that fix. The skiff's crew, to say the least, were getting sick of some of the proceedings. The ferryman, whose honest face I shall not soon forget, seemed to be in good spirits, but the cat-fish and I were both in trouble, and of course our fellow-feeling made us wondrous kind.

Leaving the boat I hurried on and was really not attracting much attention, when I noticed a bevy of young people directly in my path. The deed, however, had to be done, so taking courage and walking as if my knee were rather stiff, that the rent might not be gaping like the movements of an alligator's mouth, I passed on. I arrived at the station just at the moment my train was due, so what was to be done? Fortune, however, favored me, my train being late, and having secured the needed implements I proceeded to play tailor. What a job? What a proceeding it was, as I sewed for a few seconds, then listened for the train.

The work was at last completed, and in Parisian style. Have you ever noticed how the small boy ties up his marble-bag? Well, my work was not exactly on that order, but



your tailor would have smiled had he seen how I caught up the edges and how I had plaits radiating from a common centre somewhat after the order of spokes in a wagon wheel, making a most unsymmetrical rosette upon my knee.

The train soon came, it all ended well, I was glad I had seen the falls, and when the brakeman yelled "Fifteen minutes for supper," I was as ready as any one to do justice to the occasion.

To this day I never look upon that *darned* spot in my trousers without having a stray thought of a summer's outing, and I now realize how much better it would have been had I joined a sewing circle.

J.

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**RESOLVED: "That the Nation Should Own and Control the Railroads."**

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In these days of trusts and consolidations, strikes and cut-downs, between labor and railroads, it may be interesting to note what has been and could be done to remedy these. We never hear of any strikes, cut-downs or labor troubles on the railroads of Australia, and why? Because the Government owns and controls them for the benefit of all people.

In Australia you can ride a distance of one thousand miles across the country for the mere sum of \$6.50, and here it will cost, at the least, \$25; while there workingmen can ride six miles for two cents, twelve miles for four cents, thirty miles for ten cents, etc., and workingmen receive twenty-five to thirty per cent. more wages for eight hours labor than they are paid in this country for ten hours.

In Victoria, where the above rates prevail, the net income from the roads last year was sufficient to pay all the federal taxes.

In Hungary, where the roads are State owned, you can ride six miles for one cent; and since the Government



bought the roads, wages have doubled. Belgium tells the same story. Fares and freight have been cut down one-half, while wages have doubled.

In Germany you can ride four miles for one cent on roads owned by the Government ; yet wages are one hundred and twenty-three per cent. higher than they were when the private corporations owned them, and during the last ten years the net profits have increased forty-one per cent. Last year the roads paid the German Government a net profit of \$25,000,000.

If our Government owned and controlled the railroads, we could go to San Francisco from Boston for \$10. Look at the proof: Uncle Sam pays the railroads not quite \$375 to transport a loaded postal car from Boston to San Francisco. A passenger car will carry sixty persons, which at \$10 each would be \$600, or a clear profit of \$225 per car, and this, too, is after paying five and one-half per cent. upon watered stock, which is fully ten per cent. on the cost of the roads.

Railroads have grabbed from the people 281,000,000 acres of our best lands during the past thirty years, and millions upon millions of dollars have been given to these same roads. They are capitalized at present at \$10,000,000,000 ; they have cost quite \$4,000,000,000. There is only one solution of these mighty evils ; that is, "The Government should own and control the Railroads." Now let us look at the advantages of National ownership.

#### RATES.

First, would be the stability and practical uniformity of rates. This is now impossible, as they are subject to change by hundreds of officials, and are often made for the purpose of enriching such officials. State and federal laws have had the effect of making discriminations less public and less numerous, but it is doubtful if they are less effective in



enriching officials and their partners; although it may be necessary to be more careful in covering tracks. That they are continued is within the cognizance of every well-informed citizen.

The outrageous character of this discrimination will appear when we reflect that five cents per hundred pounds is an enormous profit on corn that the grower has sold at from eighteen to twenty-two cents per hundred, and that such a margin would tend to drive every one but the railway officials and their secret partners out of the trade, as has practically been the case on many of our western roads. Doubtless such rates are sometimes made in order to take the commodity over a certain line, and there is no divide with the officials; but the effect upon the competitors of the favored shipper and the public is none the less injurious, and such practices would not obtain under National ownership, when railway users would be treated with honesty and impartiality, which the experience of half a century shows to be impossible with corporate ownership.

Referring to the rate question in their last report, the Interstate Commerce Commission says: "If we go no farther than to the railroad managers themselves for information, we shall not find that it is claimed that railroad service, as a whole, is conducted without unjust discriminations." And, again it says, "If the carrier habitually carries a great number of people free, its regular rates are made the higher to cover the cost; if heavy commissions are paid for obtaining business, the rates are made the higher that the net revenues may not suffer in consequence; if the scalpers are directly or indirectly supported by the railroad companies, the general public refunds to the companies what the support costs."

Hence we conclude that from years of ineffectual efforts on the part of the State and National legislatures and commissions to regulate the rate business, it would appear that



the only remedy is National ownership, which would place the rate making power in one body with no inducement to act otherwise than fairly and impartially, and this would simplify the whole business and relegate an army of traffic managers, general freight agents, soliciting agents, brokers, scalpers, and hordes of traffic association officials to more useful callings, while relieving of intolerable burdens the honest man who uses the railway.

Under corporate control, railways and their officials have taken possession of the majority of the mines which furnish the fuel so necessary to domestic and industrial life, and there are but few coalfields where they do not fix the price at which so essential an article shall be sold, while the whole nation is thus forced to pay undue tribute. Then, can he, who is fair-minded, just and true, say that these things are right? With the Government operating the railways, discriminations would cease, as would individual and local oppression; and we may be sure that an instant and absolute divorce would be decreed between railways and their officials on one side, and commercial enterprise of every name and kind on the other.

There are but three countries of any importance where the railways are operated by corporations permitted to fix the rates, as in all others the government is the ultimate rate-making power. These are Great Britain, Canada, and the United States; and while the British Government exercises a more effective control than we do, yet, there are many and oppressive discriminations, and complaints are loud and frequent on all sides, and the English and the Canadians find it necessary to unite for the purpose of securing protection from corporate oppression, and so will we, ere long, for already we hear the murmurings of all the people.

Oh, may the united people of America come to the relief of the many oppressed by making this, the grandest of nations, the owner and controller of our vast railway system!



Another great advantage which would result from national ownership would be such an adjustment of rates that traffic would take the natural short route, and not, as under corporate management, be sent around by the way of Peter Step-and-Fetchit's depot, when it might reach destination by a route but two-thirds as long, and thus save the unnecessary tax to which the industries of the country are subjected. That traffic can be sent by these round-about routes at the same or less rates than is charged by the shorter ones is *prima facie* evidence that rates are too high. If it costs a given sum to transport a specific amount of merchandise a thousand miles, it is clear that it will cost a greater sum to transport it fifteen hundred miles; and yet traffic is daily diverted from the thousand mile route to the fifteen hundred one, and carried at the same or even lower rates than is charged by the shorter line. It is evident, therefore, that if the long route can afford to do the business for the rates charged, that the rates charged by the shorter route are excessive in a high degree.

Under government management, traffic would take the direct route, as mail matter now does, and the industries of the country be relieved of the onerous tax imposed by needless hauls. Only those somewhat familiar with the extent of this diversion from direct routes can form any conception of the aggregate saving that would be effected by such change as would result from national ownership.

With the government operating the railways there would be a great reduction in the number of men employed in towns or cities entered by more than one line. For instance, take a city like Richmond, where there are four or more railways, and we find as many full-fledged staffs, as many expensive up-town freight and ticket offices, as many separate sets of all kinds of officials and employees, and as many separate depots and yards to be maintained. Under government control these staffs—except in very large cities—



would be reduced to one, and all trains would run into one centrally-located depot; freight and passengers be transferred without present cost, annoyance and friction, and public convenience and comfort subverted and added to in manner and degree almost inconceivable.

Economies which would be affected by such a reduction of employees would more than offset any addition to the force needed at the one centrally-located depot.

With the nation owning the railways the greater number of expensive attorneys now employed, with all the attendant corruption of the fountains of justice, could be dispensed with; and there would be no corporations to take from the bench the best legal minds, by offering three or four times the Federal salary; nor would there ever be another occasion for a Justice of the Supreme Court to render a decision that a corporation chartered by the State—as was done but a short while ago in the State of Kansas—for the sole purpose of building a railway in that State has the right and power under such a charter to guarantee the bands of corporations building railways in Old or New Mexico, and shortly after writing such a decision be carted all over the seaboard States in one of the luxurious private cars of such a corporation as a token of congratulation for the deed done. Under national ownership such judges would pay their traveling expenses in some other way, and be transported in the ordinary manner, and not half as many judges would travel on passes, either.

There are *many*, yes, *many* judges whose decisions any number of passes would not effect; but if passes are not to have any effect upon legislation and litigation, why are congressmen, legislators, judges and other court officials singled out for this kind of martyrdom? If the men who attain these positions remained private citizens, would passes be thrust upon them?

We see nothing set apart for the attorneys' salaries or for



legal expenses in the reports of any of our countries whose authority it is to own and control the railroads, and it is presumed that the ordinary law officers of the government could attend to the little legal business arising; and yet, judging from reports made by Kansas roads, the expenditures of the corporate—owned—railways of the United States for attorneys' salaries and other legal expenses are at least 2 per cent. of the entire cost of operating the roads, all of which is taken directly from railway uses, and is a tax which would be saved under national ownership and control, as United States district attorneys could attend to such legal business as might arise.

Another, and an incalculable benefit, which would result from national ownership, would be the relief of State and national legislation from the pressure and corrupting practices of railway corporations, which constitutes one of the greatest dangers to which republican institutions can be subjected. This alone renders the nationalization of the railways most desirable, and at the same time such nationalization would have the effect of emancipating a large part of the press from the galling thralldom to the corporations.

With the nation operating the railways, we may have some hope that rates will be reduced by some system resembling the Hungarian, the Australian, and the zones which have had the effect of diminishing local passenger rates about 40 per cent., resulting in such an increase of traffic as to greatly increase the revenue of the road—the average of rates by ordinary third-class trains being about three-fourths of a cent per mile, and one and a half cents per mile for first-class express trains.

Now, my friends, in conclusion, to recapitulate, we have seen that other nations prosper where the railroads were owned and controlled by the government; we have seen that it would be better for the establishment of a legal and just system of rates; we have seen, also, that it would be



greatly to our advantage in the adjustment of these rates ; we have shown that we could reduce the number of employees in large cities by making one centrally-located depot, thus saving a vast deal of money ; we have shown wherein we could do away with our attorneys now employed and relegate them to some employment where they would do less harm, even if not engaged in a more honorable vocation than that of trying to defeat justice by the use of such questionable means as the control of the vast revenues of the corporations placed in their hands ; we have furthermore shown the incalculable benefit resulting from national ownership in relieving the State and national legislation from the pressure and nefarious practices of railway corporations, which menace our institutions, threaten our liberty, and impede our advancement.

Now, gentlemen, with the light of this reasoning before you, can you not, do you not, see the advantages in the nation owning and controlling the railways?

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#### **SPEECH OF MR. R. H. WHITE.**

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(Delivered before the Philologist Society, September 29th, 1893.)

However flagrant and denunciatory my predecessor might be, there is no magic in his language to overthrow the indisputable fact that America's prided progress is the off-spring of the present railroading system of our land. The fancy and dream of what will be are vaporings which will soon go off into thin air ; whereas unvarnished fact is an awful evidence in rebuttal to an argument, hence in the beginning of my few remarks, I should like to lay before your unbiassed judgment the *fact* of America's progress. Are we to barter the reality for the dream of what will be? Are we to give in exchange substance for an airy, intangible something? Are we to give what we know to be the source of our prosperity for that we know not of? If so, that maxim,



"a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," has become meaningless.

Is the present system, which stands as a living testimony to America's progress, to be supplanted by Government control? Should not this fact of America's fast growing network of railroad, unsurpassed by any system in the world, be an evidence in itself sufficient to frown down all the plausible theories emanating from the delicate and fastidious tastes of speculators. My opponent ever speaks of high rate transportation; this net-work means competition; competition means reduction. Be not afraid; in the course of time transportation will be cheaper than the Government can ever hope to have it with its accompanying demagogues and unnecessarily employed thousands. You can't level a mountain in a day or cross the broad ocean in an hour—*Time*—that is all we want. We will go to the Great White City, even tho' it be farther than Chicago, the next World's Fair, for eight dollars. Let our grand-children and our grand-children's children see the happy day. Even though the boastful theory of Governmental control was put into operation this very hour, the dream of the gentleman would be merely dreamt. He fancies that injustice and extortion are being perpetrated upon our people, yet we see prosperity surrounding us as we see it in no other nation under the sun.

What is the cause of this discontent throughout our land, ever like the restless ebb and flow of the tide? The workmen with their thousands of differently formed organizations, (and it costs more to keep them in existence than they ever get from them) cry out monopoly! monopoly!! Yet our laborers live as lords in comparison with those of other countries. In few words they endeavor to become the sole arbiter of the employee's judgment, and if they are not paid certain amounts, regardless of the employee's profit—they *strike*. These organizations are all



short-lived. The Knights of Labor are nearly non-existent, and ere long we shall have to erect marble to preserve the memory of another organization whose main platform is Government control.

We are never satisfied, however abundant the hand of plenty may be in its bestowings. It is characteristic of the restless commonality of American mankind to be wolfish for more, though much be avowed.

Let us grant that the dream of Governmental control of railroads be realized ; but for this dream to be realized, we should further have to imagine—and strained imagination it would be—that the Treasury of our Government is overflowing with an illimitable amount of ready cash. “Oh !” says my opponent, “All that’s necessary is for the Government to run its hand in its pocket and pull out a few billions and purchase all the railroads of our land.” The Government can afford to do it just about as much as the impecunious we, can give a hundred or two dollars for free distribution. Away with such childhood fancy that the Government is a mere automatic, self-adjusting machine stamping coins at the whims of the people. The Government has to make its money honorably, as does any private corporation or individual. If the Government were to purchase these roads, such a debt would be incurred as to necessitate unjust taxation or the Government would have to resort to malicious device by which to free itself from burden. Now is it best for the Government to impose an unjust tax upon its citizens in buying up these roads, or to allow them to stand in their present state ; a fit imitation for any country ?

In this Weaveritish dream, supposing it to be realized, does not a sad, cheerless picture greet our view ? The contemplation of it causes us to retrospect and nations are convulsed and shaken to their centre by civil feuds. Justice is dethroned and the merciless hand of extortion holds the scepter. You can see clearly the picture—corruption, fraud



and defalcation of public money runs rife. Our sky is free from all pestiferous insects and birds of prey; but let this dream be realized, we shall see the demagogic vulture swoop down, and with characteristic shrewdness, despoil our public wealth. Demagoguery is a menace to the stability of any nation. Is not the great Panama scandal yet a warning? Shall we allow the railroads to come under Governmental ownership and thus open the way for the demagogue? No, our people are too farsighted to admit such a perpetration. The voice of history is ever telling our people to beware of falsifiers and defaulters.

Let us be satisfied and not be turned by every demagogic sentiment which sweeps over our land. Let the Weaverites fire their volley of approbrious epithets upon the present system and hum their *gloria excelsior* for amusement in their reveries; yet we *know* that the cost of transportation in the United States is less than in Imperial Germany and Republican France.

Again these railroad money gods, as the vulgar may be pleased to call them, whose voice, they say, is law in our land, have suffered the unjust invectives of an ignorant people. They make their indiscriminate assertions, regardless of research and conscience. It is a fact deduced by Abram S. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, from actual statistics, that railroad capital receives a smaller percentage than the savings banks of our land offer. Says he: "There were in the United States over 150,000 miles of railway on the first of January. The nominal cost of these railroads is about nine thousand millions of dollars or nine billions of dollars. It constitutes about one-fifth of the entire accumulated property of the United States. Now the returns carefully tabulated and made up to the first of January show that of this enormous sum of nine thousand millions of dollars represented by bond and stock, the bonds earned on an average less than four and one-half per cent. per annum



—that is about the amount which savings banks will pay for money deposited with them, where it is supposed to be without risk. It is less than the amount which money can be loaned at on bond and mortgage on city property. It produces four and three-tenths per cent., and the stock produces one and seventy-seven hundredths per cent. Now it is said that the stock is watered, but squeeze all the water out, squeeze two-thirds of it out—I think that is a pretty big margin to be squeezed out of stock, isn't it? Squeeze out two-thirds of this and the remainder will leave the actual money put into the property as earning about five per cent. Railroad property represents a fifth of the capital of the United States. It is receiving about five per cent. upon the squeezed stock and considerably less upon the bonds taken together—perhaps four and one-half per cent. upon the aggregate.”

Is not this fact enough to quell the wrangle that railroad capitalists are receiving an undue share? “If a man is to have nothing for his capital, what motive has he got to save it? Remember that if capital used in business was obliterated the world would simply perish in a year. If you lock capital up, if you lock up the accumulation of capital for thirty days in New York city, you have a violent panic. Therefore, the first duty of a member of society is to encourage the growth of capital, and the way to encourage it is to save some for himself and not spend his time in grumbling at somebody else who is doing work that he ought to do.”

But to advance to another phase of the subject: There is a class of people who want the Government to take charge of everything, but remember this is a country, free-born, in which every man is to “work out his own salvation.” This is not a Government to act as a father, and dole out to its children just what is absolutely necessary. This is a Government whose principle it is to let every man work



out his own destiny in his own way, so far as he abides by the constitution of the United States. We boast of our Americanism; we boast of the free-birth of our citizens; we pride ourselves upon our free institutions, yet there are thousands in this land who would bury those inalienable rights guaranteed by our constitution.

Now the question: Can the United States constitutionally take from the hands of her citizens or private corporation these railroads—railroads built by *private* money—railroads built by *private* ingenuity—railroads built at *private* risks?

Suppose a great failure, which was possible, had followed and swamped great amounts of money, would the Government, through the charitableness of its heart, have indemnified these private investors, whose aim in the construction of these roads, I believe, was as much philanthropic as selfish? If the Government had shown such disposition these advocates for ownership would have been the first to growl. Now, since good fortune has smiled upon these private investors, are we to allow envy and prejudice to become supreme rulers of our nature and cry down these men whose private capital, whose individual foresight and exertion has put these roads in our country and made our great Western plains to blossom as the rose? How many wealthy men, prompted by a public spirit, have invested their consecrated thousands to philanthropy, yet naught has followed their good intentions, and “pinching poverty” and disappointment have chanted a solemn requiem throughout the latter part of their songless days? Injustice is being perpetrated, says my opponent. If there is any injustice, it seems to me to be from those who are eager to take away what is another’s.

The Government can build parallel roads and run them throughout the country by degrees as did private capital, but not, in homage to the Declaration of Independence, infringe upon the rights of her private citizens.



There is too much real American manhood to allow the Government to interfere with the private enterprises.

In the Supreme Court of the United States the case came up as to whether the State of Illinois had the right, constitutionally, to regulate the tax upon the storage of grain in private warehouses. Several negative voices arose and showed conclusively that these warehouses being private property, the Government had no more power within itself to say what tax should be per bushel on grain than to dictate to merchants the price they should set upon a shirt or pair of shoes. The Government can require a license and certain things in the construction of the warehouse and keep it from trespassing upon another's property, but no right to say how much those owners should receive for their storage. Apply such a principle and the head of the Government would become a traitor to the Constitution of our forefathers, and our individual liberties would die from Czarish dictation.

Yet there are some who would have the Government to wrench from lawfully private grasp, unconditionally, the railroads of our land. Such an unwarrantable confiscation of private property would be a menace to the integrity of Government.

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## Editorials.

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OUR hearts are sad and at the same time glad to-day as we stand again in the old College halls and look around upon the faces here assembled. We are sad because, as we walk through the halls, we miss many whom we were accustomed to meet here last session. Many a familiar face has passed beyond these classic walls, never to return and mingle with us as in the days of yore. And some of those whose places are vacant were numbered among our most



faithful and earnest students, our brightest and most successful scholars and our warmest and most intimate personal friends. It is a sad thought that so many of our old comrades and class-mates are gone from us. But still there comes the cheering thought that while we may not meet them again in the College halls, while we may not wander together through the inextricable maze of Differential and Integral Culculus, while we may not spend our energies and strain our credulity in the vain attempt to trace the wanderings of the heavenly bodies, while we may not hear the ring of the Roman orator's matchless eloquence nor sit spell-bound under the entrancing melody of Sappho's delightful lyrics, yet we may hope to meet again on the arena of life's conflict and labor together in our efforts to ennoble the conceptions and heighten the aspirations of mankind.

We are glad also, because, although we miss many of our former comrades, yet we see a number of new students, who for the first time have planted their feet within the walls of Richmond College, who have come to enjoy the privileges and advantages of one or more session's work in this grand old institution. And we are persuaded, as we look into the faces of these new students, that we see those who are to step into the places made vacant by the departure of our comrades, who are to put on the armour that they have thrown off, and are to struggle even more valiantly for the great cause of education and truth. To all the new students, therefore, we bid a hearty welcome. We are glad you are here. We need your help, your sympathy, and your encouragement; and we are willing to help you, sympathize with you, and encourage you in every possible way. The ties that bind us together are numerous and strong. Let us start out on this session's journey with our hearts full of high aspirations, noble purposes, and firm resolutions that we will do our best, and let us remember that "every



duty that is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back."

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Just here at the beginning of the session we feel that a word about the Literary Societies would not be amiss.

First, as to the importance of joining one of them. If there is any one part of our education that we as students of Richmond College are prone to neglect, it seems that that part is the cultivation of the power of speaking in public. We are so apt to think that the only business we have here is to master our text-books. We are so easily persuaded that it does not make much difference whether or not we identify ourselves with the society and take part in its work. But this is a great mistake, and one that has been productive of no little harm. A large majority of the students at this institution will in after life have occasion to speak in public. Some will make that their special work; but whether you are going to do that or not, there will be times in your life, and perhaps a great many such times, when you will be called upon to speak before intelligent and cultivated audiences, times, perhaps, when great interests are at stake. Then it will be that you will need the training that you can now get from the Literary Society.

To be an effective, forcible speaker is a thing greatly to be desired, and it is something that few can not attain. We cannot all become great orators and be able to sway the multitudes by the power of our eloquence, but we can cultivate the powers and the talents that we have; we can, by persistent, earnest effort, train ourselves into able speakers. We have seen a young man come to College with the most discouraging prospects, a young man who was awkward, bashful, timid, unsophisticated, and who, it seemed, could never overcome the obstacles that lay before him. We have seen this young man in his first attempt, in his maiden effort on the floor of the society. We have seen him be-



come nervous and excited and weak in the knees, as with tremulous voice and a countenance expressive of excruciating torture, he struggled through his brief speech and then sat down covered with confusion and shame. We have seen this same young man make trial after trial, and show by his perseverance that he was not to be discouraged and that he was determined to succeed. And we have seen him again with the laurels of victory upon his brow, and upon his countenance the satisfied smile of one who has overcome the obstacles and surmounted the barriers that lay in his way, and has developed into a good, strong speaker.

This is the end for which we are working; this is the object we have in view, and we confidently say that, if any student will join one of the societies and do his duty to his society and to himself, he will find his labors abundantly rewarded.

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We are in receipt of the following communication from one of the old students:

*Editor of The Messenger,*

DEAR SIR:—I am desirous of purchasing a Beta Theta Pi badge—old style, shield shape. If you will kindly mention this fact in your magazine, giving my name and address, (805 E. Main street) I shall appreciate your kindness. \* \*

\* \* I am an Alpha Xi boy of 1877.

Yours truly,

*Richmond, Va.*

M. L. WILLIS.

TO MANY, the entrance upon this college year is the passage of a Rubicon. New fields of effort; new associations; new hopes; are the possession of our new-comers, and before those who have passed a year or more at the institution, there will loom up other objects of deepest interest.

The potential energy in the students of America—what



scientist or prophet can tell what it will effect for the world's good or evil? It may, when put in motion, turn the tide of human affairs; it is possible that it will decide the destinies of nations; new lands may be explored within another decade or two; American civilization and progress may make its impress on all that breathe the vital air. But should this elate the students of our land whose minds must work out the problems that confront us? By no means, since the achievements of one age are eclipsed by those of the next, and the productions of our genius will become obsolete and and our material structures fossil-like in the centuries to come.

But let unselfish ambition have no curb and true motives no impassable barrier, in order that we may be fitted by college work for the service of humanity. By grappling with difficult problems here, perhaps we shall be ready in the future to grapple with the foes of right. By means of those studies which enlarge our conceptions of the extent of space and time, it is to be hoped that by comparison we shall learn enough about self not to found our hopes on mistaken notions of our own powers. Here it is that ambition often meets its Waterloo.

In this day more extensive fields of labor and more numerous avenues to fame and fortune are open to the educated. We do not mean particularly those who have studied in college or university, but those who have common sense, trained intellects and true ideas.

Then, fellow students, what part shall we take in making history; what part in the conquest for right; what part even in the obscure but laudable deeds that make up the life of men? May the call of duty be our inspiration. But in the words of an ancient King, we would say: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."



## Locals.

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On account of the failure of some of our best jokers to return, this department of the locals is unusually small this month, and we hope by next month some of the "rats" will develop sufficiently to furnish new material. In this connection we would suggest one or two who are likely to become valuable aid to the local editor in his time of need and perplexity.

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"Rat" K, upon hearing the college yell for the first time, asked if anyone "could tell him the words to that hymn." There are several other "smart" things Mr. K. has been heard to say, but we have not room to put them in this month. Possibly in time, we may be able to succeed to the position that "Smiley" graced so well in these columns last session.

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Prof. of Math.—How do you solve these equations?  
Mr. T.—Illuminate  $x$  and  $y$ .

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## ATHLETICS.

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The Athletic Association has the prospect of the most prosperous session it has ever experienced, and all students who have the athletic success of our teams at heart should not delay in handing their names to the proper officers. This association has under its auspices the departments of foot-ball, base-ball, lawn tennis and boat club.

At the first meeting held September 26th, the following officers were elected: H. C. Burnett, President; P. S. Boshier, Vice-President; J. A. Turner, Treasurer; R. E. Lockett, Secretary. A called meeting was held September 29th, at which H. C. Burnett was elected manager of the foot-ball team. The college colors were changed to orange



and olive, and the base-ball committee instructed to recommend a manager of the base-ball team to the next meeting of the Association.

Eng. Graduate (in Phil).—"He was the first to *refer back* to the *fundamental basal* elements of previous philosophers.

The foot-ball team promises to be the best we have ever had. With Edmund Harrison, Burnett, Bosher, and Frank Duke to do the work behind the line, and Loyd, Allen, Hoover, Sallade, W. Duke, and Turner, together with such other of the new material as comes up to requirements to play in line, the record of the team of '93-'94 should excel that of any previous year. On September 30th the first game of the season took place at Island Park, when we defeated the Capital City team by a score of 22 to 0. This game showed that the rush line needs strengthening before we can expect to make a good showing against the heavy College teams we will have to meet, but it must be said that three or four of our best line men were unable to play in this game. Dates have been made with the University of Virginia and Trinity College, and the manager also expects to make engagements with University of North Carolina, Washington and Lee, Randolph-Macon, Hampden Sydney, and probably Virginia Military Institute.

From present indications the base-ball team of '94 will be the best we have had since we won the State championship in 1890. Our tennis champions defeated all competitors last spring, and we shall make an effort to repeat the performance this session. As we all feel so proud to know, the boat crew has won in three successive State regattas, and it will be the effort of the boat club to make sure of the fourth victory, and thus surpass the record of any club. The beautiful cup has now adorned the library of the College so many years that it is getting to look like a fixture,



and we hope we will not be called upon to relinquish our claim to it for several years to come. The committees of the Association thus far appointed are: Foot-ball, J. H. Franklin, P. S. Bosher, and J. E. Loyd; base-ball, W. D. Duke, W. D. Phillips, and G. T. Harris.

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### **SESSION OF 1893-'4.**

The falling off in attendance at our College this session, although expected, was not as great as was feared; and at this writing the number of matriculates is only a very little smaller than last year. Of course, the old students need no such exhortation, but we cannot refrain from giving a little counsel to the new students in regard to the various institutions of the College; and although advice is at all times cheap and little heeded, we hope this presentation of the claims of the different organizations will result in increased membership and interest in the work they accomplish. In the first place, you should enter your name on the roll of one or the other of the two literary societies. An experience of two years in the Mu Sigma Rho is the ground for the assertion that faithful work in the societies will be found to result in great benefit to the earnest seeker after literary attainment. And then the Y. M. C. A. of the College is an organization that solicits your membership, offering in return the advantages of abundant opportunity for Christian work and many aids to the development of Christian character.

The claims of the Athletic Association upon your encouragement and support have been amply presented in another place. The Geographical and Historical Society, though the youngest of our institutions, has, under the able leadership of Professor Boatwright, developed into a powerful instrument for the stimulation of research and awakening of interest in geographical and historical subjects. It is a well conducted organization, and supplies a much felt need,



The members of these different organizations are sometimes a little too modest in presenting their claims to prospective members, but we suppose that this seeming lack of interest is caused by the fact that they are so thoroughly convinced of the advantages to be derived from membership that they cannot see how those on the outside can be so ignorant as not to know them. But you do not need an invitation. You know their work and their worth; do not fail to profit by them.

### **SOCIETY ELECTIONS.**

On the evening of October 6th the Literary Societies met in regular session for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The elections resulted as follows:

#### MU SIGMA RHO.

*President*, W. D. DUKE.  
*Vice-President*, J. R. MURDOCH.  
*Censor*, W. F. DUNAWAY.  
*Recording Secretary*, J. A. NEWBILL.  
*Corresponding Secretary*, J. P. ESSEX.  
*Treasurer*, R. W. HATCHER.  
*Critic*, C. M. GRAVES.  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*, T. S. DUNAWAY.  
*Hall Manager*, J. M. CARDOZO.  
*Editors*, J. H. FRANKLIN, E. M. LONG, C. W. DUNSTAN.

#### PHILOLOGIAN.

*President*, G. F. HAMBLETON.  
*Vice-President*, N. J. ALLEN.  
*Recording Secretary*, L. P. DEVAULT.  
*Corresponding Secretary*, S. B. CARNEY.  
*Critic*, H. A. WILLIS.  
*Censor*, A. W. SMITH.  
*Chaplain*, C. R. MOSES.  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*, J. A. SULLIVAN.  
*Treasurer*, R. T. MARSH.  
*Hall Managers*, W. R. FLANNAGAN, L. R. WRIGHT.  
*Editors*, J. E. JOHNSON, G. G. MERKLE, J. E. HIXSON.



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**REUNION OF MU SIGMA RHO LITERARY SOCIETY.**

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The annual reunion of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society was held on Friday evening, September 22d. The meeting was attended by a large number of old and new students and friends of the Society. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. T. S. Dunaway. After the opening prayer, by Mr. Jacob Sallade, the President addressed the Society with a few words appropriate to the occasion, and introduced as the orator of the evening Mr. Minetree Folkes. This gentleman delighted his hearers, as he never fails to do, with his eloquent words and pleasing delivery.

After Mr. Folkes had brought his oration to a close the President called upon Prof. R. E. Gaines, who entertained the Society with some excellent and appropriate remarks.

Prof. H. H. Harris was next heard from. He gave the Society some very good advice, urging them to do honest work in the Society, and make careful preparation for each debate.

Mr. J. H. Franklin then made an interesting address. As usual, many of the new students were called upon, and made prompt and happy responses.

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**REUNION OF THE PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.**

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This was held on Saturday night, September 23rd, 1893. At the beginning of the session a dark cloud seemed to hang over the reunion of the Society; for the reunion orator, who is always the leading man on occasions of this kind, was absent. But every dark cloud has a silver lining, and so on this occasion Mr. H. T. Allison was the "silver lining" to the dark cloud of the Philologian Society. He very kindly consented to take the place of the absent orator.



A few minutes after 8 o'clock the gavel in the hand of Mr. Jacob Sallade, who, in the absence of both President and Vice-President, was called to the chair, announced the fact that another session of duty lay before the Society.

The chair called on Mr. J. R. Murdoch, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, to lead in prayer. Mr. Sallade then followed in a short address of welcome in which he made all present feel heartily welcome and perfectly at home.

The chair then introduced Mr. H. T. Allison. He announced as his theme, "The Power of the Ideal," which he ably discussed.

It may not be known much outside of college life, but our Dr. (H. T. Allison) is quite an orator. All who heard him on this occasion can bear us out in the above statement.

Prof. F. W. Boatwright, who always shows his great interest in his "Alma Mater" by his presence, was next introduced by the chair. In a very interesting way he cited some historical facts concerning the Society, which made all present proud of the old Society.

Mr. J. P. Essex, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, was the next to be called on. He gave some good advice both to old and new students. His little promptu did honor to both himself and his Society.

Several others made short speeches and the Society adjourned. You could see from the faces of all that the exercises had been greatly enjoyed.

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Overheard in Psychology class:

Prof.: "Do you not feel certain that your mind had an origin?"

Mr. L.: "No."

Prof.: "Can you conceive of your mind as merely growing out of itself?"

Mr. L.: "Y-e-e-s."

Prof.: "*Ex nihilo, nihil est.*"



## Exchanges.

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ONCE more the panorama of college journalism begins to unroll before us. We can look forward to a continuous roll of beautiful and interesting pictures, interspersed, as it will no doubt be, with mountains of argument on the popular questions of the day, and streams of eloquence, over which will glide our little ship with a full share of beautiful metaphores and allegories for those who greet our gallant MESSENGER. The aforesaid panorama has not as yet, however, gotten under full sway, for as we glance upon our exchange table we are wont to weep for our absent friends, and we must ask pardon for again perusing and commenting upon some of our back numbers; the circumstances in the case compel us to take a kind of retrospective view.

There still remains upon our table only one *Normal News*, containing several certain pieces or parcels of printed pages, one of which is devoted to locals, one to personals and another to various other and sundry matters. One article, however, in this *Normal News* must be mentioned. It is entitled "The qualities of the Elements of our Government insure future Prosperity." The elements therein treated are the freedom of the people to govern our grèat educational and Christian influences. Had this well-written article been composed subsequent to the 7th of August, 1893, the writer would, no doubt, have closed with the following words: "Repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman bill."

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IN THE Indiana State contest one of the orators gave one look at his audience and then fainted. We always thought a Hoosier audience was a tough looking set, and now we are satisfied. Hereafter the Indiana orators will be blindfolded before attempting to speak.—*College Life*.



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**A KISS IN THE RAIN.**

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One stormy night I chanced to meet  
A lassie in the town ;  
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,  
Her laughing eyes were brown.  
I watched her as she tripped along,  
Till madness filled my brain,  
And then—well then, I knew 'twas wrong—  
I kissed her in the rain.

With rain-drops shining on her cheeks,  
Like dew-drops on a rose,  
The little lassie strove to speak,  
My boldness to oppose ;  
She strove in vain, and quivering,  
Her finger stole in mine ;  
And then the birds began to sing,  
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,  
My heart is light below ;  
'Tis always summer when we love,  
However winds may blow ;  
And I'm as proud as any prince,  
All honors I disdain ;  
She says I am her rain-beau since  
I kissed her in the rain

COLUMBIA SPECTATOR.

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THE September number of the *Reveille* is, as usual, with us on time ; it contains a reasonable portion of good reading matter. One of their editorials is full of good advice to the new student on their entrance in college. The literary department presents a fine appearance. "Facts, Not Themes," is conducive to good results to those who study and drink in the thoughts which it contains.

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ANOTHER one of our old reliables still lingers with us, the *Washington Jeffersonian*, in which an effort is made to give the student an idea how to get a lesson. We can only draw the same old conclusion, which conclusion was arrived



at about the time Noah built the ark, to wit: "Many men, many minds, and many methods." The writer does say, however, that we should study ourselves, our temperament and disposition; our likes and dislikes; our mental traits and adaptabilities, and then draw our conclusions, which will be just a short time before death, by the time we get a diploma on the above subjects. The May magazine contains a well-written article on the "Uses of adversity." It clearly shows that adversities help rather than detract from one's success, all things being equal, that is that which resides in the head.

The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are better still.

---

THE following poem hails from the Leland Stanford University, and is taken from the *Sequoia* of March 8th:

In olden times the lovelorn youth  
Who held life not worth living,  
Would plunge a dagger in his heart  
And die, his love forgiving.

The modern youth who, soured by love,  
Seeks shorter paths to heaven,  
His sweater dons, eats raw beefsteak,  
And joins the football 'leven.

---

OUR old and valuable friend *The Berkleyan*, is again with us. No paper on our table is better edited, and none give us more news as to what is going on in the sporting college world. The article on "The Popular College Hero" is something that the girls would call perfectly exquisite, but which the MESSENGER would say is quite original in thought, and a literary treat to the model college student.

---

WE find on our table *The Annual*, of the Hollins Institute. It is very handsomely gotten up, and speaks well for the editors. The editorials are splendid—far above the average.






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